

MARY HARTMAN MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #165

by

Lynn Phillips

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FINAL DRAFT
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY.	LOUISE LASSER
TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
CHARLIE	GRAHAM JARVIS
CATHY	DEBRALEE SCOTT
MERLE JEETER.	DABNEY COLEMAN
WANDA RITTENHOUSE	MARIAN MERCER
PAT (NURSE) GIMBLE.	SUSAN BROWNING
GARTH GIMBLE.	MARTIN MULL
BRIAN ADDAMS.	JOHN FINK
DR. FRATKIS	GENE CONFORTI

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ACT ONEADDAMS' ATTIC ROOM, EVENING

CATHY'S UP ON A CHAIR SO'S TO
CHECK HER HEM IN FRONT OF A VANITY
MIRROR. THE HOT COCKTAIL NUMBER
SHE'S WEARING IS UNZIPPED IN
BACK.

THERE'S A KNOCK

CATHY

Come in... (TURNS) Oh, Brian! I thought
you were the maid.

BRIAN

Heidi? No, she's off today. (CATHY'S
STILL ON THE CHAIR) You're not trying
to hang yourself or anything, I hope.

CATHY

(GETTING DOWN) I was getting ready for
supper. I wanted to check my hem.

BRIAN

I see... yes... well, um, Christine
wondered if you'd join us for a nip just
before. Do you need zipping?

CATHY

(BAD GRANDEUR) If you would be so kind...

BRIAN HELPS HER WITH HER ZIPPER.

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

(OVER HER SHOULDER) I didn't know what to wear... I mean, Christine said 'formal', but my Lane Brynat's not cut full enough in the... (GESTURES)

BRIAN

(LOOKING) Well it's quite amazing.
... It's fitting so well, I mean. I mean, you hardly show, or that is, you show a great deal... but the baby doesn't.

CATHY

Well it does, but it's relative. I mean ... Brian, everything I say here comes out wrong. I'm afraid to go down there, Brian. I mean I feel so stupid and I don't know the rules. Like which fork to sit on or buttering rolls or what to say to the serving girl...?

BRIAN

Yes, Prunella. She is a little embarrassing, isn't she. Well, just do what's customary, I suppose.

CATHY

(MAKING UP HER FACE) But, Brian, that's just it. I don't have any customs.

BRIAN

Well then use Christine's. She doesn't have any either.

CATHY

(STILL NERVOUS) But, Brian...

BRIAN

Look, Cathy. Don't worry. No matter who you are, or where you've come from, you're still the mother of Christine's child-to-be. And that's enough.

Besides, you're a guest-of-sorts in our home. Christine, I know, is delighted to have you.

CATHY

To have me? Listen... Brian, um, I'm sorry if this is rude or horrible or anything, but can I ask you a personal question? I'm sorry, really, but I've got to ask.

BRIAN

Please don't apologise so much, Cathy. It's itchy.

CATHY

I'm sorry. I mean, I'm sorry I said 'I'm sorry'. But it's about Christine. ... Brian, does Christine like girls?

BRIAN

Girls (HUH?)? Well of course. Boys, girls... Cathy, this time around all that matters is that it's a healthy child. If it's a girl we'll just try again, that's all.

CATHY

I know that. That's not what I meant.

BRIAN

(IMPATIENT) WELL then what. I don't know what you're groping for.

CATHY

It's what she's groping for, Brian. I mean, two guys used to live next door to me at my mother's, y'know? Two guys?

BRIAN

So?

CATHY

So, they said they were brothers, but they weren't.

BRIAN

(CNFUSED) What for? Some sort of tax dodge?

CATHY

Bri-an! They slept in the same room.

BRIAN

What are you driving at?

CATHY

What I'm driving at is what is your wife driving at? I mean, she didn't take her eyes off me. And she was... touching me a lot... you know???

BRIAN

(WANTING TO TOUCH) Well, that I can certainly understand. That is, I mean, given our situation.

CATHY

Brian, I think you'd better be a little bit straighter with me about what, exactly, "our situation" is.

BRIAN

Oh, didn't Christine explain? I assumed she would. (A BEAT) But evidently she hasn't.

CATHY

You're getting warmer.

BRIAN

It is a little stuffy in here, isn't it. Should I open a window? (DOES) Good ventilation's very important.

CATHY

Bri-an... Our situation?

BRIAN

Right. That. Well... It's very simple. (PAUSE) But it's hard to know where to begin. (CHARMING SMILE)

CATHY

This may sound dumb to you, Brian, but how about the beginning?

BRIAN

The beginning. Well, alright. It's like this: See, my family's more Mayflower ... and hers is more... well, more like splitting three for one. Do you know what I mean?

CATHY

No.

BRIAN

Oh. Well, the Addamses are an old family. We date back, and all that goes with it. (CHECKS CATHY) Like? (CATHY NODS) Well, like tradition, assurance... Breeding is what it boils down to, I guess. Never having to apologise for what one does.

CATHY

You mean, breeding is never having to say you're sorry.

BRIAN

(LAUGHS) See? You understand perfectly.

CATHY

And what's a three-way split?

BRIAN

Three for one? I meant stocks, money. Haven't you ever heard the expression, "Gentlemen prefer bonds?"

CATHY

You mean blondes.

BRIAN

Preferred bonds? I just meant that Christine's family is very, very rich. Whereas we Addamses couldn't buy our way out of a parking ticket. So, without me, Christine's just another pretty heiress; and without her, I'd have ended up teaching history, or worse.

CATHY

And she was putting her hands all over me, because why? Is it some kind of superstition to make the Dow Jones go up or something?

BRIAN

No. She was probably just making a study of you for her father.

CATHY

Brian, I don't know what you learned when you went to Harvard...

BRIAN

(INJURED) Princeton, please.

CATHY

Princeton. But it wasn't how to break things gently. Now, just what is it you guys think I'm going to do with Christine's father?

BRIAN

Simple. You're going to never let him see you.

CATHY

(FREAKED) You mean, wear a bag over my face?!?

BRIAN

Good Lord, no! You see, Mr. Leighton has offered us a tax-free trust. Roughly a million. Mostly in mutuals, but still ... good money. All contingent on delivery of one male heir, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, etcetera.

CATHY

You know, it's the "etcetera" part I'm really most curious about.

BRIAN

Etcetera? Well, that means that, what we had it in mind to do, really, was to juggle the whole thing a little. (HALF TO HIMSELF) We'll use a pillow, I guess. (CATHY'S EXPRESSION HURRIES HIM ON) I mean: Christine is going to pretend to have a child, you see? A simulated pregnancy. She'll play the part, basing it on you. Then you'll have the child, and we'll get the money, and our deal with you, of course, is settled already. So it is, as I said, very very simple, only difficult to explain.

CATHY

And... um, maybe a little hard to do?
I mean, what if I go downstairs for a
Dorito and her father's there?

BRIAN

Well, that's what the box is for.

CATHY

What box.

BRIAN

Oh, I left it downstairs, dammit! I
meant to bring it up.

CATHY

What box.

BRIAN

It's just a box. With little lights,
like a code. Red means you stay in your
room; on orange you can wander around
upstairs; on yellow it's 'caution',
because we're expecting Christine's
father or one of our friends who might
leak it all out. And with green, of
course, you are free to go anywhere.

CATHY

With green I can go anywhere, huh.

BRIAN

Yes, it's so nobody will get mixed up.
You know, about when to be in what place.

CATHY

Everyone in their proper place, is that it?

BRIAN

That's it. See? Now you understand
everything!

CATHY

Yes. Now I do.

SHE DOES.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOHAGGERS LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CHARLIE IS WORKING ON THE
ENGINE WHICH IS UP ON BLOCKS
IN THE LIVING ROOM. THE BELL
RINGS.

CHARLIE

Back door's open, Jody. Just let
yourself in. (TO ENGINE) You're gonna
be smoother than a Goldfinch on a updraft
you are. Jody's ears'll be blown back
clear to Brockway when he puts the pedal
down on you, or my name ain't...

MERLE

Mr. Haggars?

CHARLIE

(ALARMED) Who is that?!

MERLE

It's me, Merle Jeeter.

CHARLIE

(SURFACING) Oh yeah? Well, Loretta
ain't here. And even if she was she
isn't interested in the home wrecking
business or the condo collapsing
business or in any of the businesses that
you have a God given and track tested
record breaking talent for, Merle.

MERLE

I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Haggars,
but I've decided to volunteer. I was
told you need a donor to donate something
that I'm the reason for your missing.
And I want you to have mine.

CHARLIE

You mean one of your...?

MERLE

That's right, I feel it's the only
Christian thing to do.

CHARLIE

You mean Loretta told you, too?

MERLE

Only in passing and only 'cause she cares
so much about you.

CHARLIE

Damn! Why don't she just take out a
billboard!

MERLE

How about it, Charlie?

CHARLIE

No! I mean, it's real thoughtful of you,
Merle. Even though seeing how it's
something that you got too much of, I'm
not sure it's what I'd call a generous
offer.

MERLE

Mr. Haggars. I don't see it as a offer so much as a debt.

CHARLIE

Well, you have my personal permission to default on your payments, Merle Jeeter. I'd rather have nothing at all than yours for reasons you're too pure minded and right thinking to probably understand.

MERLE

Look, Charlie... I know how what's happened can make me less than welcome in your eyes. But I'm sincere in my deep desire to make good on what my terrible weakness made bad.

CHARLIE

Well, if I didn't hate you, Merle, I'd probably think I was a small minded hog stealer for not going down on my own two knees to you for sticking your neck out like this... but you might as well sleep peaceful knowing that my refusal is complete. Pending your being the last man on earth that is.

MERLE

Well, what I wish you'd do, Charlie, is to call up that doctor just to make sure that I... that my contribution... won't be necessary.

CHARLIE

If clearing your conscience for you will
clear you out of my living room once and
for all, Merle, it's going to be worth it.

GOES TO PHONE AND DIALS DR.
FRATKIS IN NEW JERSEY.

THE FOLLOWING IS TWO-WAY WITH
DR. FRATKIS, WHOM WE SEE ONLY
IN CLOSEUP.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello? Hello, Dr. Fratkis.
Charlie Haggars here. I'm just calling
to see if the donor situation has picked
up any for my transfer operation.

CUT TO:

FRATKIS IN HIS OFFICE.

FRATKIS

Transplant, right. Yes... well, as a
matter of fact... I'd just about given
up hope on finding anyone...

CUT TO:

CHARLIE

Well, if you can't find anyone, Doctor,
I got the last chance on earth standing
right here...

MERLE SQUIRMS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

... But I was just calling to see if maybe
there wasn't some way around this particular
donor that'd come to you at your end.

FRATKIS

Well... I do have one other possibility.

CHARLIE

If you got it, Doctor, I'll take it.

FRATKIS

And you're sure a little Russian... (or Irish or Scotch or...) blood wouldn't bother you?

CHARLIE

Not unless the moon went and turned red with it, it wouldn't.

FRATKIS

Well, then, Mr. Haggars. It looks like you're in luck.

CHARLIE

Woopee! Thank you, Doctor. I'll tell this other donor to give his to the Goodwill, and I'll call you to firm up an appointment soon's I get my ticket.

(HANGS UP) You hear that, Merle?.. (or

Irish or Scotch. MERLE) Blood wouldn't

(HAPPY) My services are not required?

CHARLIE

Your sevvices, your what-you-were-offering and your company. None of it's required. And dog my cats if I don't feel like a new man already. like Whoopeeee!!!

CHARLIE

Woopee! Thank you, Doctor. I'll tell

CUT TO:

FRATKIS' OFFICE. FRATKIS IS
STILL SITTING IN FRONT OF THE
PHONE, BEMUSED AND THOUGHTFUL.
WE PULL BACK TO SEE HAMLET, A
PANTING GREAT DANE, BY HIS
SIDE.

FRATKIS

Well, Hamlet, looks like you're about
to make medical history, old boy.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREESCENE 1MARY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

GARTH AND PAT GIMBLE, WANDA, MERLE AND MARY ARE PLAYING PERQUACKY. TOM ISN'T HOME YET, AND MARY, PREOCCUPIED, ABOUT IT, IS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF HER OWN PARTY.

MERLE IS WRITING DOWN WORDS, SCORING, AND WATCHING THE TIMER. GARTH IS HIS WIFE'S PARTNER. PAT IS AT THE END OF HER TURN AND HER TETHER.

MARY

Now don't panic. Don't panic. I mean, we'll still have Vodka, even if we run out of Holland House.

GIMBLE

(PANICKED) But I'm out of four letter words! Garthy... help!

GARTH

It's against the rules, punkin.

GIMBLE

Help!!! That's a four letter word!

SHE ARRANGES THE CUBES

MERLE

Sorry, Pat, but your time's run out.

GIMBLE

Oh, no! And we're vulnerable. Oh, Garthy!

GARTH

(REASSURING) It's just a game, sweetheart,
just a game.

WANDA

Mary! Why don't you take my turn with
Merle, and trade me back when Tom gets
home.

MARY

Oh, he'll be here in just a minute. It's
just that he can't plan his hours anymore.
I mean, somebody's sanitary disposal unit
probably suffered from disfunction now
that he's in a white collar position. So
I'll just watch. I like watching Perquacky
because you never know what words are going
to come out. You know?

WANDA

Well, maybe we can switch to a game that
isn't couples. Do you have Payday? It's
Jimmy Carter's favorite. It says on the
box it makes working and paying bills fun.

MARY

No.

GARTH

Then, do you, by any chance have... (LOOKS
AT WANDA)... Mr. President?

WANDA

(LOOKING AT MERLE) Mr. President! Let's play that!

MARY

Does anybody want a Chocolate Cow? I don't have Mr. President either.

WANDA

How about the Newlyweds game? Oh no. That's couples.

MARY

Wanda, I don't even have The Bermuda Triangle game. All I have, besides Perquacky, is Ad Lib and Split-Level Aggravation and Life. Also Monopoly.

GIMBLE

You like Monopoly, don't you, Garthy?

GARTH

As the kids say nowadays: an oldie but goodie.

WANDA

(GAILY) Monopoly it izzy!

MARY

I'll get it. (ON HER WAY) It's in back of Heather's closet, under the box of her baby clothes I'm saving so that her kids'll know what real polyester was like, in case by then it's all synthetic.

(LEAVES)

GIMBLE

Isn't she a dear?

WANDA

Where do you suppose Tom is?

MARY

(POPPING BACK IN THE DOOR) The bridge mix
is in the kitchen. Help yourselves.

GIMBLE

I'll get it. (LEAVES FOR KITCHEN)

WANDA

(TO GARTH) Cigarette?

GARTH

(TAKING ONE) No thanks. You know... I
used to smoke like a hickory stick, but
I'm in such a big ham, I was cured.

(LIGHTS UP) I said to myself, "Self...
now snuff that out, before it snuffs
you, and no buts. (PUFFS) But I
wouldn't listen. (HE FEIGNS DEATH)

MARY

(POPPING IN AGAIN, IGNORING A DEAD GARTH)
If Tom comes while I'm in the closet,
just make him feel at home.

WANDA

Will do.

MARY

And there's some Jack Daniels in a
family-sized Ivory dispenser under the
sink from before Tom sold vehicles.

MERLE

Now you're talking. (HEADING FOR IT)

99 and 44 one hundred percent proof.

WANDA AND GARTH ARE ALONE.

GARTH

(SITTING... RE: MERLE) Your man's in a bit of a pickle, isn't he? I mean, a condominium collapse is nothing to sneeze at. How's he going to wiggle out of that one?

WANDA

(ARRANGING PERQUACKY CUBES) Oh, he will.

GARTH

(READING CUBES) "Mayor"? You mean, he has a way out?

WANDA

A way in, Garth. He's an innocent man.

GARTH

Innocence is a poor excuse for poor construction, Wanda, as my dear mother used to forget to mention on her dying day.

WANDA

Innocence may be amiss among rafters and grafters, Mr. Gimble, but it's bliss at the polls.

GARTH

I hope you know something I don't, Wanda.

WANDA LEANS OVER AND WHISPERS
IN GARTH'S EAR. PAT REENTERS,
WITH THE BRIDGE MIX AND IS
SUSPICIOUS. WANDA, DONE, PULLS
BACK.

GIMBLE

Ooo, Garthy, you should have heard what
Merle said.

MERLE ENTERS WITH J.D. OVER
ROCKS.

GARTH

What'd you say, Merle?

GIMBLE

Oh, tell him, Merle. It was precious...
and very naughty!

MERLE

(HURRIEDLY) I was just saying how you'd
given me some wicked slick advice on how
to invest my love offerings.

GARTH

I did, did I? Well, advice is a vice
with me, alright.

MARY

(REENTERING WITH MONOPOLY) Everybody
ready for Monopoly?

WANDA

Couldn't be readier. Garth, why don't
you be the bank?

MARY

I'm sorry I took so long, but the iron
and the shoe were in the tool box because
Barbie used to use them to play with Ken.

GARTH

(TO PAT) Punkin... why don't you help
Mary put together round two?

MERLE

(LOOKING UP) Well, if it isn't our
automotivation man...

TOM STANDS IN THE DOOR, SPACED
FROM HIS MEETING WITH TIPPYTOES
BUT SWEPT IN BY AD LIBBED HELLOS.

GARTH

Ladies and Gentlemen... Tom Hartman!!!

MARY

(PULLING TOM ASIDE) Tom! You're just in
time. Come into the kitchen and help me
break ice for a minute.

CUT TO:

SCENE 2

MARY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

TOM IS PULLING THE HANDLE OF
AN ICE TRAY. MARY'S MAKING
DIP. PAT'S COMING AND GOING
WITH ASHTRAYS, ETC.

MARY

(PRIVATE VOICE) Do you think they're
having a good time? Tom, I'm so nervous.
I don't know how to entertain. Do you
think they minded that you weren't here
and I didn't know where you were? (RE:
ICE) Try hot water. It's easier.

GIMBLE

Mary... do you have a platter for crackers?

MARY

A platter for crackers? No. Loretta does, but she's not here. Look, try the cookie tin. It's in with the roto-spit and the lids in the box which is not Ravioli, under the baggie drawer. Can't miss it.

TOM

Hey, you seem to be doing great. You got everything rolling along here, under control. You feel okay?

MARY

Yeah, do you? I mean, you don't mind all these people thinking you're having a you-know-what, with you-know-who in her you-know-what, which is parked you-know-where? Good. Because I know you're innocent. Is she angry I didn't invite her?

TOM

She wasn't in the mood. She was... I dunno. What time is it?

MARY

I don't want to know. And that's enough ice. It's about ten thirteen. Why?

GIMBLE

(RETURNING) Garthy just bought Park Place!

MARY

How wonderful! I'm so happy for him!

TOM

(EXCITED) One of my commercials is on.

A new one! (TURNS ON TV)

GIMBLE

One of your commercials? I'll get the gang.

TOM

(TO MARY) You ready for a little surprise?

MARY

What kind? Like a lip quencher?

THE GANG ENTERS, GROUPS AROUND SET.

GARTH

(BACK PATTING) Hey, there, Hartman.

One of the Dodge Boys, huh?

WANDA

(TO MERLE) Ready for some stiff competition?

TOM

(TUNING) Any minute...

GARTH

(TO MERLE) I'll trade you a motel on Virginia for a "Get out of jail free" card.

GIMBLE

Motel? I thought they were hotels.

WANDA

(TO TV) Tom! You're gorgeous!

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN - TOM, LEANING OUT
REAR WINDOW.

TOM

(SMILING; SINGS...) Hitch your trailer
to a car... Makes no difference who you
aaaaare... (SPEAKS) Hi! I'm Tom Hartman
General Manager here at Donnaly's R.V.
City...

CUT TO:

MARY

Tom! General Manager!!! I thought you
were just... were you promoted?!?

TOM

(NODDING; HAPPY) That was the surprise.

WANDA

(TO SCREEN) Look at him! He's better
than Teddy!

MARY

(PURELY SINCERE) Oh, Tom!!! (HUGS HM)
THE GANG WATCHES.

TOM'S TV VOICE OVER

Because we believe that you deserve to
ride in style. And we've got styles like
the road's got miles. Early American,
Spanish Imperial, and the all new
Navaho Tallahatchie interior, to name
just a few. So, get out of your house
and into tomorrow...

MERLE

I like that.

TOM

You like that? Out of your house and
into tomorrow?

MERLE

It has a ring.

WANDA

"Out of your house, and into tomorrow".

TOM

(TURNING OFF SET) I made that up.

MARY

Do you have to do one to do the other?

GARTH

(A TOAST) To the General Manager! On
the road to tomorrow!

WANDA

MERLE

The road to tomorrow!

Congratulations, Tom.

GIMBLE

TOM

(EYEING WANDA & GARTH)

Thanks!

Hit the road to tomorrow!

MERLE

(TO TOM) Say, did you know the jaycees
were meeting this Wednesday...

WANDA

No, Thursday. It's changed. Volunteer
Fire Department's Wednesday.

GARTH

(POURING A DRINK) Say, Merle, what about four houses on Connecticut for a railroad and a "Get out of jail"?

MERLE

(ACROSS ROOM) I'm holding on to it, Garth.

GARTH

(RE: MERLE'S ARM AROUND WANDA) So I see.

MERLE AND WANDA ARE HERDING TOM BACK TOWARDS THE OTHER ROOM. GARTH GOES TOWARDS THEM AND HANDS TOM THE DRINK HE'S JUST POURED.

WANDA

(TO TOM) Can you come to the Candy Striper fund raiser tomorrow?

GARTH

(TO TOM) Want to join the Monopoly?

TOM

(DAZED) Oh, I don't know... (SIPS DRINK)

GARTH

(HERDING HIM OUT) Come on. It's just a game, Tommy... just a game.

GIMBLE

(TO MARY) I thought Tom stopped drinking.

MARY

Do you have to go out of the house to go into tomorrow?

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I mean, why can't you stay in the house and have tomorrow come into you? What's tomorrow? What time is it? I think it's tomorrow already.

GIMBLE

Mary, I think Tom needs you to stick very close to him right now.

MARY

... Or do you believe the expression, "Tomorrow never comes". Or is it "Always"? "Tomorrow always comes"? No! It's "Yesterday never comes" that's what it is. It's yesterday. But that's funny. I was sure it was tomorrow. (YELLS AT PAT)
Well, don't just stand there and look at me, go buy a utility. It's a good investment.

PAT, CONCERNED, LEAVES.

MARY (CONT'D)

(TO HERSELF) Sometimes you have to put your foot down. Or they'll mangle you to death. I need a movie great.

SHE SITS AND TURNS ON THE SET AND STARES. THERE'S LAUGHTER IN THE NEXT ROOM.

TOM REENTERS.

TOM

What is it with you? Why are you sitting here?

MARY

Because I'm bored. I'm very bored by
our climb up. If this is suburbia, I'd
rather stay home and watch a movie.

TOM

You are home.

MARY

And I'm watching a movie. Ssssh. Be
quiet. It's getting good.

MARY CONTINUES TO WATCH TV.
TOM STARES AT HER IN DISBELIEF.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE #165